

MILWAUKEE AFFORDS STUDY OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT

To Those Who Are Glad and Happy the Usual New Year Greetings are Passed As Empty Formalities—To Those Who Are Not, They Come With Bitter Irony.

TENDERFOOT TALKS ABOUT TAGGING MARRIED MEN

The Milwaukee Experiment

Probably no city in the world affords as interesting a study of civil government as Milwaukee, the city that male various brands of beer more or less famous, and which last year elected a socialist for mayor. Other cities have done the same thing, but none of them were of the same stripe as this man Berger, who has the courage and the brains to attempt to carry out his theories. The results have been series of sweeping reforms such as history does not parallel, and if the people of the beery town will stand forth the end less turning over and over, there will doubtless be many more. Municipal butcher shops, theatres and museum parks have already been instilled, graft practically eradicated and so many things taken up that it is possible to cover more than the most insignificant in a short paragraph of comment. A scheme soon to be put into the building of a large number of homes for working men to be either sold to the occupants on easy installments or rented at the lowest possible price. Naturally this has stirred the benevolent hosts of the real estate men the wrong way, but Berger is going right along just the same. Still another plan is to buy 90 acres of land for a cemetery, the of to beautify and maintain it and sell it for burial purposes at a very low price, thus putting the things on one the most sinister trusts that have hit the people, and if the plan is extended to include a municipal place of cremation for the dead it will be among the most blessed of all the changes this farian has mapped out. Operated principally the crematory would remove a terrible burden from the shoulders of the common people, and traced it down to the base, the burning of a dead should be compulsory under law, and no other way allowed, except perhaps under the most rigid regulation. The present plan of disposal of the dead is wrong. Even though it has flared through the centuries, it is no less a reminder of barbaric time. It is time the world was getting away from it, and disposing of its dead in a rational and sensible way. This end be made entirely possible by the introduction of a municipal crematorium, the provision of conditions so that the humblest might have proper funeral services, and dispose of their dead at a small cost compared to what is now paid to the many different industries that custom now enables to flourish at the expense of those who are already burdened.

It is a good thing that Berger dropped out this day and age, for his theories will be given a respectful attention that would have been denied them at so very many years ago. Naturally he has stirred up bitter opposition in his town, but is in a shape where he can take them all to go to. Provided a revolution by those people who do not care to be reformed does not sweep him into this discard, his work may be watched with deep interest in the year to come. The nation over, as well as in Milwaukee, fainthearted people are insisting that he be given a fair show, outside of his peculiar political beliefs. This insistence is not a matter of politics at all, for it is joined in by a vast number who have no earthly use for socialism as a principle.

When The Calendar Changes

Like all other scribbles it has always been my custom to wish my friends, and especially those who endure my hope year after year, a happy New Year. I still have the desire that they

may be happy at this time, but I am not working as hard at the wishing job as I used to. I only wish that I had the assurance that the coming around the corner of 1911 was received with happiness by all of them, so that there would be no missing of the message. To those who are glad and happy, the usual greetings of this time are passed as empty formalities. To those who are not glad and happy they come with bitter irony. My greetings may add joy to some and they may open the wounds of others and add weight to already burdened hearts. To those who are happy, the whole world looks bright and gay when the calendar changes, in the remaining glow of the Christmastide. To those with sad and heavy hearts the ringing out of the old and ringing in of the new is by climes that tell the knell of buried hopes and disappointments, and the opening up of another vista in which it will be again demonstrated that life is just one damned thing after another. So the New Year has a double meaning, and the memories of the old year leave behind many different shades of coloring. Would that I could make the new year look bright to all, and make its every dream come true. If I could have my way there would not be a heartache in the land now that the extra 1 is necessary.

To those to whom the New Year and its pleasant customs seem no more than a hollow mockery, I can still send a message of cheer and hope. Our joys, like our sorrows, may pass away before there is another change in the evolution of time. The poverty, the sickness, the disappointment of today are but the darkness that precedes the dawn, perhaps. Time mends the broken heart and levels the inequalities of life. The wound that sinks deep will heal, and only the vain will complain because it leaves a scar. There is no reason why the discouraged and the disappointed who sit silent amid the songs, the music and the optimism of the New Year should lose faith in life. To lose that courage marks the coward, and of all towards the spiritual is the most contemptible. The real man and the real woman who have been run over by the road roller, will manage to get up some way, brush the dust from their clothes and dodge the next one of the long procession that moves through life. That others are gay and happy is of itself sufficient to kindle ambition in the weakest soul. There is nothing truer than the good old saying that every cloud has a silver lining. There are undeveloped talents in every human mind, there are opportunities open to every human being, there are possibilities of success for every man and woman. Our failures may be due to incompetence if we do the very best we can to be competent, acting within our lights. Poverty is no disgrace. It is a badge of honor if it continues even through your most earnest efforts. There are some mountains that man has never climbed. If you keep a digging, you will get a summit after a while, perhaps not as high as you used to dream about, but nevertheless higher than many thought you would ever reach. Despair has no place in the brain of the really courageous man and woman, and those who meet the trials and temptations of the everyday and keep always a little to the good are Captains Courageous. Even those who go a little off the red, have the consolation that it is better to have fought and lost than to not have fought at all. To those I would carry a bright or message of cheer than to those who have been conspicuously successful because they need it more.

If there is anything worth while in this rambling bunch of moralizing, take it home, beloved.

Tagging Married Men

The phlegmy reformers never will be still and allow things to sort of rock along in the old fashioned way, and the latest disturber is a female by the name of Mrs. Charles Howell, of Trenton, New Jersey, who has studied up a scheme that imposes an awful cross on the married men of the land. She is trying to

work Governor-elect Woodrow Wilson to put the plan over, and while she may work that gentleman, he being only a school teacher and unversed in the devious feminine, every married man in the land ought to line up as parts of a country-wide stone wall against the scheme as a gratuitous insult to a class that already suffers much. Mrs. Howell wants to tag the married men. She has offered a bill, which she will ask the legislature to enact into law, compelling all married men to wear a certain design of ring on their thumbs at all times, it being a misdemeanor to be caught in public without such badge of servitude upon your thumb.

If the concerned legislature of New Jersey does pass this bill it ought to be summarily abrogated by congress at the first opportunity, as class legislation, bearing too heavily upon a portion of humanity that already has troubles enough of its own. Besides that such a badge is totally unnecessary. It is extremely easy to tell the married man, if you have any powers of observation at all. Most of them have a sort of cowed look that is unmistakable. When you see a man with a face like a mud pie that ought to wear a full beard or at least a mustache, but who goes with a face like a peeled onion, you can bet all you have that he is a married man and his wife prefers them off. If after Christmas he wears a tie that cries aloud in misery, he is married all right. If buttons are missing from his cuffs and his clothes are threadbare, you can safely bet that he is saving to make up for a tailored suit and a set of furs at home. Almost invariably he has a worried and hunted look that marks him in a crowd of a million. He got it by being impressed with the fact that it is a worse crime to be five minutes late to dinner than to embezzle a fortune. Also there is one badge that never fails, although sometimes ingenious devices are used to hide it. The high art of living has made it almost universal. It consists of a piece of cloth of varied sizes and shapes placed where it will do the most good on the northeast quarter of the garment which distinguishes the male animal, and which device is defined in the dictionary as a patch. Practically all married men wear this badge now; days; they can't even afford to buy a pair of \$2 pants from the bargain counter.

Mrs. Howell makes her chief argument in favor of her nefarious plan on the alleged fact that married men are inclined to get gay when away from home. To be certainly. Would she consign them to a life of perpetual gloom? Upon those rare occasions when they are able to get a little ways distant from the pasture they must go along with their heads down? If upon such occasions it is fair to make the poor married man wear a thumb ring? If all of the sisters of her class were thus marked it would save many an old brother from playing an engagement and making a fool out of himself on general principles by running after a street car that some other fellow has already caught and would instantly distinguish the dangerous widow from the rest of the eternal feminine. The truth of the matter is that where there is one man who "kicks up his heels when on strange pastures" there are a dozen women, and any attempt to humiliate the poor down-trodden married man ought to be met with a stern rebuff. They have troubles enough as it is. If this tagging business must go, the patriots of the country ought to see that it is applied to all who suffer back-ache alike.

Dogs in Boston

It is something worth while to be a dog in Boston. (Please pronounce it darg, not dog.) In that cultured city there is a legend that a dog once appeared on Boston Commons with spectacles astride his nose and a copy of Robert Browning before his eyes. His mien and bearing was that of a dog who knows, and his voice was pitched to harmonize with the soulful sighing of the sea. His look was turned toward the heavens and far away, and his tail and not turned upward as if to renounce the things of earth. It was evident that he was a dog of uncommon attainments, and the passersby were attracted to the spot where he seemed to be absorbed in the deepest meditation. The dog seemed not to be disturbed by the constantly increasing crowd, but seemed to be attracting the keenest delight from the puzzling pages of Robert Browning. No such dog had ever been seen before on the Boston Commons, and neither man nor beast has ever been known to solve the mysteries of Browning. As the interest of the dog increased, so did the interest of the crowd, and the natives counseled together and expressed their admiration for the god and his wonderful accomplishment. To understand and enjoy Robert Browning was away beyond their highest ambition, and yet here was a dog that lapped it up as if it was a pitcher of cream. "Wonderful," said one. "Marvelous," said another. "On what meat does this, our Caesar feed," cried still another. At the mention of meat the spell seemed to have been broken, and the dog cast a haughty glance at the speaker and yelped "beans, you mut, beans." The secret was out, and it became noised about among all the people. Every body then began eating beans and reading Robert Browning and wearing spectacles and turning up their noses. Since which time beans have become the popular diet, Browning the popular author and dogs the popular pets of Boston town.

You may have noticed in one of the Chicago papers that one of the leading Christmas society functions in Boston was a Christmas tree for dogs. No expense was spared in decorating the tree and supplying it with every gimcrack that might please the pup or elicit a bark from the older guests. The culture and dignity of Boston, both canine and human, were present, and it is said that the occasion was the most delightful

ATTORNEY GENERAL RENDERS OPINION ON ELECTION RETURNS

Question Is Whether Election Returns Must Be Considered as Including the Ballot Boxes and Ballots or Simply the Result of the Count.

RETURNS DO NOT INCLUDE BALLOT BOXES AND BALLOTS

Albuquerque, N. M., Dec. 12, 1910.
Hon. Nathan Jaffe,
Secretary of New Mexico.
Santa Fe, N. M.

I have given some attention to the question submitted by you as to the meaning of section 15 of article 22 of the constitution recently framed by the convention at Santa Fe, which directs that the returns of the election upon the ratification, shall be made by the election officers direct to you at Santa Fe. This language is the same as that which is used in section 3 of the act of congress concerning the same election. I understand that the particular point upon which you wish my opinion is as to whether the returns of the election must be considered as including the ballot boxes and ballots. I am quite clear in my mind that the returns intended by said section 15 do not include the ballot boxes and ballots, and will briefly state my reasons.

By section 15 the same article of the constitution, it is provided that "Except as to the manner of making returns of said election and canvassing and certifying the result thereof, said election shall be held and conducted in the manner prescribed by the laws of New Mexico now in force." This provision, clearly within the lawful authority of the convention, necessarily refers us to the provisions of chapter 107 of the laws of New Mexico, as to the manner of holding and conducting the election, and any instructions to the election officers printed on the poll books must conform to the provisions of that statute, except as to the manner of making the returns. By reference to sec-

tion 12 of that act, it will be seen that the legislature uses the word "returns" as it is generally used, meaning the poll books containing lists of the persons voting, with certificates added by the election officers of the result of the counting of the ballots. That section it will cost a sum of money twelve times as much as the territorial institution provides that after the votes are counted in public by the judges of election, with the assistance of the clerks, the judge who may have been designated by the county commissioners to receive the ballot boxes, is to take or send by express or registered mail, the ballot box, after the ballots and returns have been placed therein, and sealed, as provided by law, without any delay to the clerk of the board of county commissioners. It also speaks of the failure of such election judge "to convey such returns and ballot box to the clerk," clearly showing that the ballot box and the ballots are not a part of what the legislature calls the "returns." It would therefore do violence to the language of sections 13 and 15 of article 22 of the constitution to hold that the returns of the election, which are to be made to you, can include the ballot box or the ballots.

Therefore I recommend that you instruct the election officers, after having counted the votes and certified the result on the poll books, to send the poll books to you by express or registered mail, and to place the ballots in the ballot boxes, and to seal up the boxes and hold them subject to the order of the county commissioners, who will undoubtedly at the proper time take steps to have the boxes returned to the county seat to be held for use in the next election in the county. It is quite clear that the expense of returning the ballot boxes to the county seat would not be covered by the language of the enabling act nor of the section of the constitution above referred to, and that therefore you cannot undertake to pay that expense from the appropriation under your control.

I believe that this fully covers all that you desire from me.
Very respectfully,
(Signed) FRANK W. CLANCY,
Attorney General.

When the political wire-puller has displayed the patriotic statesman, Where men can vote for a thing one day and come it 264 days.

Where we have prayers on the floor of our national capital and whiskey in the cellar.

Where we spend \$500 to bury a statesman who is rich and \$10 to put away a working man who is poor.

Where to be virtuous is to be honest and to be honest is to be a crank. Where we set on the safety valve of energy and pull wide open the throttle of conscience.

Where gold is substance the one thing sought. Where we pay \$15,000 for a dog and fifteen cents a dozen to a poor woman for making shirts.

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Several first prizes in dairy stock.

H. L. HAMILTON
PROPRIETOR

OTTIS ALFORD, ROUTE MANAGER

Where we put a man in jail for stealing a loaf of bread and let congress steal a railroad.

Where we teach the untutored Indian eternal life from the Bible and call him off with hot whiskey.

Where the check book takes an average of broad day light; justice is scarce, crime runs rampant, corruption permeates our whole social and political fabric, and the devil laughs from every street corner. Come to us, Father, we are of the greatest aggregation of good things and bad things, hot things and cold things, all sizes and colors packed together under one tent.

Handfuls of Sorts
I notice that up old frontier post, San Juan, William A. Clarke of Montana, has finished his cottage in New York City. From all accounts it is a pretty little sort of place. It took eight years to build it and it cost \$5,000,000, or \$1,200 more than I have altogether. It has 121 rooms in it, which ought to be sufficient to hold most of the Clark family when they come to town to trade, and it may be mentioned in passing that over 500 tons of copper and bronze were used in construction along with several train loads of marble, granite, ivory and other fancy stones. I hope Bill will enjoy his Santa, but such is the pervasiveness of human nature that I expect it will not seem as much like home when the little bungalow in which I build fires, kick out the cat and fuss with the

There are no more like the Amastillo News, which perpetuates for the ages in which it hardly has taken its place. You hardly have taken its departure, but a spe more considered the subject. The time is coming when a man's house will amaze itself with the presence of all sorts of things. We have already reached the limit of human feeling so that, instead of being merely admired as a masterpiece, it is a relief what we would want higher favor among those who are next summer, and a good thing scheme to attract the flower girls. We must accept of the new known to modern, domestic affairs, science, but the poets will still insist on the old.

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For over 50 years Cardui has been the favorite woman's medicine. The ladies like it, because it is so easy to take, so gentle, so safe, so reliable in its results, and they have faith in its curative tonic powers, because of the thousands of other ladies it has helped. Try it today.

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OUR SPECIAL CLASS Shows the Way—IT PAYS
OUR NIGHT CLASS Shows the Way—IT PAYS

The Time To Enter Is Right Now--You May Earn As Learn